Ranis have offered to instruct me in the holy books. Radiant forms in silken saris, passing to and fro among stage-like scenes of crimson lanterns hung in walls of roses and exotic with mango perfumes, have led me to where, under cooling fountains, the creeping pachpati forms a bower in which the marble Mahadev sheds Gunga from his locks, because their bright eyes, peeping through the purdah, penetrated the pale skin and recognised the true Hindu beneath.

Still on. Ever towards the Magnetic North and stop where the brown vultures cloud upon a dead bhail * on the red cliffs of Rawal Pindi. Why is it that the people in the Punjab seem more living men and women, less passionless pieces of mechanism than the other English men and women in India ? That the men love in the old style, the women with more abandon than in the United Provinces, which savours so exactly of Kensington, with its waltzes and costumes only two weeks behind, where the contractor's wife " can't know every one," with its ceaseless talk of

" supper at the Savoy." Or in Malabar Hill with its calling traditions, its own Governor said, " of

* Bullock.